come into the store in King street—it was King street then—and we would talk of everything; of your dear mother, my boy; of your uncles and your aunts; why, I knew Salem as well as—as well as your father knew Cambridge and Boston, and what could I say more? Then at Morristown—why, Harry, where did' I not know him? No, indeed, his boy needs no letters to me." This was all very nice and fiattering, and Harry went bravely on to tell his business. But instantly General Knox's smile died away, his forehead wrinkled itself, and he could hardly let the young man finish his appeal.

"O, dear Mr. Curwen, ask for anything but a commission—and there—and here—and here—and here—each of these is a file of applications for commissions. Each separate paper is an application. The recommendations are yonder—"and he pointed across the room."

"Knox, this is the kind of fellow to encourage. Keep him with you a few weeks, the room."

"Knox, this is the kind of fellow to encourage. Keep him with you a few weeks, the room."

"Knox assured happened, and the recom and the remove and hard the room and the remove and hard the room and the removal to resident rapidly crossed half the room and the removal and the rem your uncles and your aunts; why, I

nmissions. Each separate paper is an olication. The recommendations are nder—" and he pointed across the room. yonder-"and he pointed across the Louis himself," and now he laughed again, "I

should not have commissions enough for the young men who want them."
"But these young men," said Curwen boldly, "want to kick their heels here in "But these yould, "want to kick me...
garrison. I do not. I want to see services. I want to see life. General, I want to do what you did, and my father—I want to begin. Remember, you showed me how."

"That is prettily said, my boy," said the veteran, who was himself not 40 years old; "and if these days were those days, you "and if these days were those days, you have had your commission, and have had your commission, and their way, as they will where prudence and propriety and what is called reason fail. Happily for us who live in the world, this often happens—more often than men choose often happens—more often than men choose often happens—more often than men choose often happens—more often than that Harry

"Ne, my lad, if it is to the Ohio or the Kentucky you would go, you must go and office of that day, and then that he was sent talk with Parson Cutler, by your own home, or to Mr. Symmes here. For me, I have not power to send one enlisted man there, far

truly there is nothing else to say."
So Harry Curwen experienced the second sharp rebuff he had received within a week. As he passed out through the door, which was held open for him by a courtly black man, and in the raw northeast wind stepped out upon the stoop, he remembered, bitterly enough, that it was just at that hour, that day week, that he had heard in Salem of

Slowly enough he returned to Francis'. and with little enough interest entered on the business which came next his hand, which was the eating of his supper. Then, with a group of young Virginians, who had come on to see the Congress, he went to the theater, and tried to amuse himself with the remorse and punishment of George Barnwell, and afterward with the humor and music of the Beggar's opera. But things, which would have seemed to him very brilliant ten days ago, seemed very stupid now, and the young Southerners found him a poor companion. He left them early, and went back to the inn and to his

Morning brought courage and counsel. He made his plans, and from that moment, life seemed tolerable to him. He could not follow it out until afternoon, but he was sure it would succeed then. So he hired a boat, and bade the man take him to Brooklyn, and up the river to Harlem, and across to the Jersey side. Ha found the man was an old veteran, willing enough to spend the morning in pointing out this and that memorial of the war. As they walked and talked, the morning passed by, and Harry Curwen knew that he was nearer and nearer

the issue which he waited.

Two o'clock came, and he walked boldly to the house which had been shown to him the day before as the President's. On the sidewalk and even in the street quite a crowd of the people who had most curiosity and least occupation was standing, and Harry was not displeased to see this. For it showed him that he had been rightly informed, and that this was the President's reception day.

The young fellow's good fortune had not deserted him. This means that he came alone—as it happened, no one else appeared at the same moment. An usher led him to the door of the large drawing room, where the President was standing, whom Harry recognized at the moment—he had seen him the year before, when he made his "progress" both standing pear Washington.

is own success n, and by the thus far, young Master Harry Curwen no-ticed a certain shyness of manner which never deserted George Washington on occa-If he had a poncher to thrash, a servant to scold, a regiment to lead, an army to rally, or an enemy to send packing. Washington was in no sort shy, But when he was in the midst of the etiquettes of elegant social life, even to the end of his career, there would appear just a shade of the not unbecoming diffidence with which the intherless Virginian boy, trained in the field sports of the Rappahannock arm, may have first met Lord Fairfax in his Lordship's drawing room. Harry Curwen had found himself sufficiently bold in Governor Bowdoin's drawing room, or in Mr. Crowninshield's. Still his audacity was not so great but that his voice quivered said to the man whom he believed to be the greatest in the world:

'Let me introduce myself, Mr. President. My name is Gurwen. I come from Salem, "I thought I was not wrong," said the President, who did not, however, take the outstretched hand, which Curwen had half presented, a little awkwardly. "You were one of the Marshals last summer when we rode out to see the new bridge—the bridge to

Curwen was surprised now, and, of course, flattered. He was at his best—one always is when he speaks to a great man—and trankly expressed his surprise that the President should have remembered him.

"I believe I remember you, sir, because I remember your father. Indeed, sir, I do not forget how he died." And, after conquering his own shyness thus, as Washing-ton could do sometimes, under strong emotion, he asked how long the young map had

But, of course, Harry's luck could not last forever. Before he could answer, other visitors swept in, and it was impossible for him to keep a place which would arrest their passage.

The etiquette, however, did not require that he should leave the room. He was able to speak to Colonel Pickering and General Knox, and joined a party of his friends of the evening before who were chatting in a corner. All the time he watched the great. man-as, indeed, they all did. And, at ist, Harry's moment came again. He saw that the tide of visitors was ebb-

ing; for a moment the President was disengaged, and even turned to speak to a friend. who left him, as if on a commission. With the audacity of youth, Harry crossed the

room, and said at once:
"Mr. President, you are kind to young men-I want to ask you what General Knox

"General Knox and I are good friends, Mr. Curwen," he said, laughing. "We have fought a great many battles together-we are apt to be on one side."

The young man smiled and bowed, but sted. "I asked General Knox to let me go to Ohio, and he does not want me." Again the great man laughed. "It is the Congress which does not want you. I believe my poor General Harmer would be

glad of a thousand as good as you."
"Mr. President," said the boy, "I am more in earnest than you think. General Knox showed me a thousand begging letters from young men who would be ensigns. General Washington, tell me, is thereon of them who wants to serve as I do-fir the honor of serving my country and you? I want to see service. I want to serve as you served. I want to serve as a volunteer. And General Knox thinks there is not room for me in the Northwest Territory;" this al-most proudly. "I do not ask for a penny. most proudly. "I do not ask for a penny. I do not ask for a horse. I do not ask even

for a chance of promotion. I only ask to serve my country under such an officer as George Washington puts over me."

died at Yorktown. He turned and looked for Knox, who had left the group and was standing among some members of Congress in the embrasure of a window. But they left

to Philadelphia and Lancaster to see about some pack-saddles which had been ordered, power to send one enlisted man there, far less an ensign. I hate to say no to you, but themselves painted. In all which com-missions he proved himself not afraid to work, and wifling to ride all night and all day if the business on hand required it. And so was it that at last the happy day came, which had been put off again and again, till he had thought he should die of again, till he had thought he should die of impatience. In company with a Count from Austria, who was traveling, and who was commended by Washington to the good offices of General St. Clair—in charge of a party of boatbuilders and seamen who had been enlisted for the Western service-Mr. Harry Curwen, Acting Lieutenant, serving as a volunteer on the staff of General Knox. received his dispatches from General Harmar and Saint Clair, and was speeded on

his way. So it happened that he struck the Monongahels river about 12 miles higher up than Cephas Titcomb struck it. He and his men built their barge much more quickly than the Newbury men built their ark. Harry pressed every day, and on moonlight nights would hire the carpenters to work half the night. So eager was his hope to gain a day or two in which he might stop at Marietta, and show to Sarah Parris that somebody respected him.

And so it happened, as in this world

some things will happen, that the day after his barge was launched, as his jolly crew and he sped down the river, a little flag fly-ing in the fore, Sarah and the children waved their flag as a signal on their side, while the barge flew by on the other, and the eager young man never dreamed whom he was passing. It was Gabriel and Evangeline again.

And when, in the shortest passage yet made, he arrived at Fort Harmar with his barge—and when the next day he went to inquire about the Titcomb party, it was only to learn that no one so much as knew

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE. At last the famous ark was finished, and a good ark it was, although the building of it had not taken as long as the building of Noah's. There was a great deal of joking about the name which the ark should bear, whether it should be called Sarah, for Sarah Parris, or Miriam, for Mrs. Titcomb. Mrs. Titcomb voted every time for Sarah, through the Eastern States. General Knox and colonel Pickering, as it happened, were Titcomb and Sarah voted always for Mrs. both standing near Washington.

Even at that moment, all strung up as he was by the audacity of his own determination between the building, the vote went happened that, on the same moonlight night, one eager party painted the name Sarah on the port bow, if bow it might be called, and at a late hour another party, under the same moon a little further advanced in the heavens, painted Miriam on the starboard side of the cabin. So the ark started on her

way with a double name.
One does not often see an ark on the Western waters now, though probably a diligent antiquarian or adventurer might find one. As became a party of Newbury men, half of whom were shipbuilders, and some of whom had even had a hand in the building of the Protector, the Sarah-Miriam was more staunch and seaworthy than were most of her class. Below, the vessel was what they would have called on the Merrimac a good hay-scow. The gunwale on each side ran up rather higher than it would have done for a hay scow, but there was not any very heavy freight to put on board, and all that one wanted, as John Fairchild said, was that the "critters" and the babies should not tumble over. Ample space was reserved for the "critters," fore and aft. They stood, a little as the "critters" stand on a Jersey City ferry-boat today. Indeed, there were many occasions on the voyage where, on a favoring shore, they were able to land, for green food and exercise. Amidships, a cabin, well enough protected to stand the weather of June and July, took up perhaps a half of the space in the long scow. But it was not so wide but that one could walk on the right hand and on the left, as one walks on the guards of a Mississippi steamer to-day. And it was not so frail but that on the top there were chairs and a long settee, so that here was the favorite place for all parties to sit as they floated along, unless, indeed, been in New York, and if he were traveling to the southward. the Ohio itself, took care of that. All rivers run to the sea, and these rivers, as they

ran, bore with them the emigrants who were faring west. It is true that the way is not as direct as the modern railway en-gineer would make it. Sometimes they went north and sometimes south, sometimes they went east and sometimes west; but their progress, if not fast, was sure, and, as Red Jacket said of his life: They had all the time there was." Cephas Titcomb and the other men would growl a little when, after a good run to the southwest, the river chose to bend and take them back again toward the rising sun; but there was nothing to be gained by growling and the women and children were soon hardened to all sigus in the heavens, excepting those of hreatening or present rain and lightning.
At night, as sunset drew near, all eyes

were eager to find a good spot on the broad bank where the ark might be run up and ethered, where a fire could be made on the shore and the pork fried and the tea made, and where children, and perhaps beasts, might have a run. Then the men were apt to sleep on shore; the women generally pre-ferred the seclusion, and indeed, the securi-ty of the cabin. There was more or less talk of risk from Indians, but Indians they never saw, and Sarah became quite incred-ulous of such stories as they drifted on. At the earliest gray of morning the fire would be built, and whoever was responsible for the cooking came to make the breakfast, and to make ready what should be eaten at noon. As soon as it was light enough to discern a "sawyer" or a suag, the ark would be unmoored and would be floating again

upon its way. The word snag has come into the English language, and has a meaning generally known. A "sawyer" was a log firmly fixed at one end, but working backwards and forwards with the current. It took its name from the resemblance of its motion to that of an old-fashioned saw in a saw-pit. For the women-folk there was sewing

enough, and knitting enough, and a reasonable share of time and care was needed to keep the children from climbing too high, or from tumbling into George Washington puts over me."

The boy had lost all his shyness, as the reader sees. The man looked on his glowing face, and remembered his own Light Horse Harry, and the boy John Curtis, who

era p-books, which Sarah had dipped into already; and there was of course long talk on the mysterious future before them. Sarah never forgot her promise to kind Parson Cutler, that she would collect and dry plants

were Tories—but, then. I have been talking with Pickering about him."

"Knox, this is the kind of fellow to encourage. Keep him with you a few weeks, then send him with dispatches to Harmar. He is a volunteer. You need not put him on any roll."

Knox laughed—as between themselves these two men did. "Your Excellency, I will make Mrs. Knox take him home with us. I will treat him as you treated the Marquis."

And Washington went back to his station. He beckoned to Curwen, and bade him talk to General Knox. And so all we care for, of the reception, was over.

So youth and audacity and sentiment had their way, as they will where prudence and propriety and what is called reason fail.

Sarah said she would go with them and take care of them. For Sarah was accredited the best boatman of the party, as well she might be, knowing all the intricacies of Salem and Marblehead harbor, and well able to pull a dory through the surf on any beach in the bay. To be sure, she knew, and Cephas Titcomb knew, that all this had nothing to do with the management of a dug-out, but at the same time he would have been ashamed of his own boys if they could not paddle the dug-out across the river and back at any time of the day or night, and the presence of Sarah was rather a pre-caution of prudence that all persons would be home early enough, than it was a com pliment to her powers of navigation. So the boys' hair was brushed, their Sunday hats were put on, Mary was properly arrayed for a visit, and the four started in the rude cance, Sarah in the stern and the two boys paddling. When they came into the proper current of the river, they found it faster than they had expected. It happened that at the same moment, an unexpected squall struck them from the northwest, so that they could not take their course so perfectly direct to the other ark as they had proposed. Sarah bade the boys let the head fall off a little, and told them that they would easily enough work up in the eddy of the southern hore. So, in fact, they would have done she was rightly maneuvering her little ves-sel, and was passing one of the little islands on the south side of the river, when Cephas, by some accident or carelessness, lost his stroke. The boat swerved a little too near the shore and struck into the top of a fallen tree which projected several yards into the water. On the instant she rolled over and all of them were swimming. The current ran very fast, and they found the bottom of the boat "fearfully slippery," as Mary Titcomb said afterward.

They could get no hold upon it, and Sarah herself said afterwards that she doubted whether it helped them or hindered them most. But, as the younger Cephas said, he did not want to lose the bost. He seemed to be indifferent, even to carelessness, to any risk of his own life, but seeing in a moment that neither his sister or Sarah were in any fear of sinking, he bade them shelter themselves on the island and said he would go down with the beat, turn it over at the first chance, and bring it back to them. His brother determined to hold on in the same adventure, and the girls, thus losing their escort, looked about for some means of working their way in under the

willows to the shore. "Never fear, Mary. Come with me, come with me," and turning on her back, Sarah struck out boldly to the point which stretched below them. The frightened child obeyed her, and in less than a minute they found themselves clutching to the arms of a fallen willow. Of course the branches tangled themselves in their dresses, but after a little dragging and pulling and tearing, they dragged themselves along till their feet struck the sand, and in an instant more were out of the water upon the shore.

son who has never undergone the experience before, is surprise at the possible wetness of clothing. After that comes gratitude or indignation or hope or fear. In the present case, Sarah laughed and poor little Mary cried. But the elder girl took possession of the other in an instant, pulled off the outer wraps, which were not very heavy on that July evening, and began to wring the water from them. The sun was already down, and she was doubtful how their night would take care of itself, but she pushed along under the bushes and through the tangle as well as she might to see what sort of an island had changed her into a Robinson Crusoe, A minute more, and her questions were all answered. There were evident signs of human presence, logs had been cut, and she could see the stumps of fallen trees. She pressed on with her little charge, and in a moment more came out upon what was half a tent and half a cabin, with a little smoke rising behind it, full in the face of the first Indian women whom she had ever

seen in her life. Once more the interview had not the terror which she would have said would have attached to it, had one asked her that morning how she would like to meet two squaws. The consciousness that there was a bit of fire where that wet child could be dried quite overcame her fear of tomahawk and alping knife. And while she was inwardly aware that she ought to be conciliating these queens of the soil, if such they were, Sarah once more broke out into uncontrol-

lable laughter.

To tell the truth, the queens of the soil had not much of the aspect either of Boa-dices or of Zenobia, or of any other mistress of mankind. They were very dirty, their faces were very heavy and stupid, the black hair which fell around their very dark faces was tangled and matted, each of them was wrapped in a blanket which seemed never to have been white or yellow, and each of them was smoking a corneob pipe. The first though of which the girl was really con-scious was one which had nothing to do with the circumstances in which she found herself. It was this question: "Why in with the circumstances in which she found herself. It was this question: "Why in the world do people call these Indians cop-per colored? and why did that Major Denny call them yellow?" Indeed her own feeling was that they were very black, and of the color of dirt or smoke, whatever that color might be. But an instant was enough for these critical considerations, Essex-bred and the girl, assuming her most friendly attitude, approached as if she were quite sure of those to whom she spoke, and offered to

them her hand. Continued Next Sunday. Copyright, 1889, by Edward Everett Hale,



British Tourist (in Park Row restaurant) Waitah, you may bring me oystah-cwabe dipped in oil, terwapin wagout, Swiss bwead, and a pint of Yellow Label!

The Waiter (with an excess of veneration)

—Say, Jimmy, tell der Spealers to atrike up "God Save d' Queen." D' Prince "f Wales is came!—Puck.

REASON IS RELIGION Gail Hamilton Says keason is God's Own Revelation to Every Man. PAGANISM OF RELIGIOUS FORMS.

rope and America. THE INFLUENCE OF CHRIST. HIS NAME THE PIVOT OF THE WORLD

new religion, but a more accurate knowledge of the old religion. Church of Englandism is not the old religion. Roman Catholicism is not the old religion. Congregationalism, Unitarianism, Presbyterianism are not the old religion. They are all different forms of paganism. All torm-considered as religion is paganism. This is not to say that they are bad. All paganism is not bad. But God is a spirit, and they that worship Him purely must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Christ's Influence on Life To-Day in Eu-

Christianity is the spiritual truth of all the ages, irrespective of all forms, distilled from all sources, forever vitalized with the power of an endless life in Jesus Christ our

All the conflict which Mrs. Humphrey Ward portrays comes from taking the Church of England as spiritual authority, in judging authority, but nothing has authority except so far as it is founded on rea-

Mr. Gladstone but falls into the comm way of talk when he says of the new religion

—Christianity without Christ, that it abolishes, of course, the whole authority of Scripture. But Scripture itself has no authority outside itself; outside, that is, of its own reasonableness. The Scripture writers never hesitate to abolish each other's authority. Isaiah swept away the ground from under the feet of Moses. Paul withstood Peter to the face because he was to be blamed. Christ in so many words affirmed that the great Jewish law giver had com-promised with sin and framed iniquity into a law which was not the upright law of the beginning. The Bible has no authority except that of right reason in the reasoning animal, man.

REASON VS AUTHORITY. Ever and anon this is put forth as a startling innovation. It is as old as thought itself; but because we are still so beastly and therefore intellectually lazy, choosing to pull and snatch and be greedy and quarrelsome, spending our time like the heas and cats and dogs we still belong to, in setting the largest part of the covered in getting the largest part of the corn and bone, instead of following out the lines of clear thought and high benevolence, as we shall when we cease to be cats and dogs and become pure spirit-why, we are constantly laying our reason to sleep and taking authority in its stead. "Reason is the only faculty we have

wherewith to judge concerning anything, in even revelation itself." Who has ever made a more radical, a more "free-thinking" statement?

If Robert Elsmere had been sent young to the school of the Rev. and Mrs. John P. Cowles, of Ipswich, Mass., and had been set down to a proper grapple with tough old Bishop Butler, as he certainly would have been if he had gone there, he would not have been torn to pieces with wild reaction and recoil after he was a full-grown rector by remembering that an Oxford professor once said: "God is forever reason; and His

him by surprise. "It is of much more importance to give our assent to doctrines upon grounds of reason and wisdom than on that of faith

What modern victim, at the mercy of thought, at the mercy of truth, uttered this iconoclastic pronunciamento and died in the effort? Origen—only he did not die of it and it seems to have cost him no more effort

—was a simple conclusion of common sense.

A CLEAN, CLEAR PATH,

"Which subject he (Cyprian) did not handle as he ought to have done, for he (Demetrius) ought to have been refuted, not by the testimonies of Scripture, which he plainly considered vain, fictitious and false, but by arguments and reason." It is from Lactantius, Institutiones Di-vine and all along the way a clean, clear

path has been stamped by the strong, steady feet of thinkers fighting for reason when reason meant chains and stake and cross; and we who have entered into their rest but never into their labors, we pipe a feeble squeak for reason and on the strength of it all ourselves original and heroic, the slaves of thought.

There are always plenty of people in the There are always pienty of people in the mass to run after authority like sheep over a wall—in theology as in everything else. But when we speak of science we mean what the leaders of science have discovered, the conclusions of original scientific investigation. The opinion of unlearned individuals, indeed the opinion of the unlearned was here as expected. mass has no scientific weight. So in the-ology, undoubtedly the Bible occupies to Protestants, the pastors occupy to many many flocks, a relation quite analogous to that which the Pope and the church occupy to many Catholics; none the less the way of Protestantism is studded thick with the electric lights of reason and who fails to see them should bestir himself as to the condition of his own eyes and not bemoan himself for the darkness of the path.

Christianity something small and local? It is true or it is false according as it is set against Christ's words or against some un-tenable human dogma built up on Christ's words. If we must believe that the whole world was lost in sin without any effort on the part of its Creator to communicate Him-self to His children, to teach and guide and strengthen them except through one little wretched wandering desert tribe leading to a Christ who benefits only those who consciously met Him on earth, and those who now accept Him through a certain definite formula against such a theory, the declara-tion that Christianity is something small and local is revolutionary.

A MUSTARD SEED. But if any Church of England rector had valued the Bible more and the Thirty-nine Articles less he would have learned long be-fore he took holy orders that all his books could not make Christianity much smaller, much more local than the grain of mustard seed, the little leaven whereunto Christ likened it. But, small and local, the vital point was there, the eternal life which has been ever since unfolding, however slowly, which by its mighty development promises to become universal. Mrs. Ward sees in that mustard seed only a grain of sawdust. Mr. Gladstone speaks of the church, of the priesthood or ministry, of the sacra-ments, as the established machinery of ments, as the established machinery of Christian training; as the wings of the soul. If "Robert Elsmere" is any true picture of ecclesiastical England, the machinery has become too heavy for the motive. The church and the priesthood and the sacraments shut the soul away from God rather than interpret God to the soul. The wings are wooden and crush the spirit down when it would soar toward its source. it would soar toward its source. Never was a soldier sent to victory with so little powder

in his flask.

"Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any one creed or system."

What asphyxis of the intellect must have fallen on the Church of England if such a statement is revolutionary! It has been the teaching of American orthodoxy time out of mind. I have heard it myself from lips silenced now in death—that any system pro-

fessing to be a complete exposition of truth was by that very profession proved wrong, because no system can compass perfection, not being in possession of all the facts. Our iron-bound, orthodox Puritan bigots, whatever hard term you will, riveted that truth into an institution 50 years ago, clamped it in so fast and firm that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts is having very hard work to get it out and will, I trust, work in vain; the "infallible revelation which God constantly makes of Himself in His works of creation, providence and redemption." If God is constantly revealing Himself, no system can be perfect, because it must be system can be perfect, because it must be founded on partial knowledge.

"The toiler of the world," says Mrs. "The toller of the world," says Mrs. Ward, "as he matures may be made to love Socrates, or Buddha, or Marcus Aurelius. It would seem often as though he could not be made to love Jesus."

By their fruits ye shall know them. Which has the most influence on life to-day in Earope and America, Socrates, or Buddha, and Marcus Aurelius.

or Marcus Aurelius, or Jesus Christ? How many are reared to Buddha in England? How many workingmen and women on the How many workingmen and women on the Continent sustain a memorial supper to Socrates. How many of the trades unions of the United States or how many individual members of society, young men and maidens, ever founded an alliance of mutual endeavor in right living, in beneficent and charitable work in the name of Marcus Aurelius? Or of Socrates?, Or of

A little while ago a young girl, sweet, pure, perfect, I think one might say, went beyond the vision of earth. Three and a half years after her death a scaled envelope was found which contained a paper whose date showed that it was written when she

was 12 years old. It was to this effect: "I do henceforth and forever give my Church of England as spiritual authority, instead of taking the authority of one's own reason, studying the words of Christ, the work of God. Everything which substitutes authority for reason is to that extent paganism. Reason is God's own revelation to every man. He may use his reason in judging authority, but nothing has authority for limit to the world. I must do set I know the meet of the world. I must do set I know the meet of the world. I must do set I know the meet of the world. I must do set I know the meet of the world. the world. I must do as I know He wants me to do, and all I do must be to please Him. I must love to read His word. I must do all the good I can in all the ways I can. Not one of all these things can I do without His help, and He will help me if I

> wrote: "Oh, my darling, how I miss you! I am so homesick that I feel sometimes as if I cannot bear it.

IS NOT THIS DIVINITY? "Nothing seems like home. The food is so fussed up and different. This is a little thing to speak of, but you know when one is sick—then when I think I may die here, the longing is dreadful to get home and see you all once more. I would give all Europe to be with you again. But Jesus is my never-failing friend. He is always near with comfort and help. He always makes me happy and satisfied to leave every event

of life or death in His hands." Is it only what Jesus Christ has in common with Marcus Aurelius and Socrates, and other Jewish peasants of amiable inclinations that brings him thus in effective pledge and stimulus, comfort and succor, to the innocent, yes, and to the guilty, to the weak, the struggling, to the helpless and the suffering? What lie is more stupendous than God's revelation of Himself in the long history of man if the Christian story which has ministered to generations trusting, helpless, ignorant, devout, shall in a moment of dread awakening, or a ore dreadful blank and dark, be proven

"To reconceive the Christ! It is the special task of our age, though in some sort and degree It has been the ever recurring task of Europe since the beginning."

Why? There has never been anything which might be called a movement toward reconceiving Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius, or George Washington. We have not been aware of any special attempt in Europe or America to reconceive Buddha, though Buddha is for us originally and as a man communication, His revelation is reason."
His poor little red head would have been banged black and blue with it at that school to such an extent that no subsequent Oxford Gray or green could ever have taken no more than an Oriental, an Asiatic, than of perpetual interests, is the pivot upon which the world's life turns to-day?

but because in Him was life; and that life is the light of men; because in Him the Word, the Logos, the Eternal Reason was made flesh and dwelt among men; and forever as long as the world more and more closely and lovingly the longer the world stands, will men study that object lesson from the Unseen Universe, will men peer through that rift in the heavy clouds of matter to discern life and immortality brought to light; good tidings of great joy which shall be to all GAIL HAMILTON.

A LOSING GAME.

A Detroit Swindler Tells n Widow So Astounding News. Detroit Free Press. 7

He was a keen, sharp-looking young man, and he said to the lady of the house on Second avenue as he stood in the hall: "Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which needs brushing and fixing."

"What suit?" she asked. "Your husband's Sunday suit, ma'am. He called as he went down this morning." "And he said I was to let you have

"Yes'm." "Did he appear in good health and "Why, certainly."

"Look and act natural?" "Of course. Why do you ask?" "Because he has been dead 18 years, and I have some curiosity on the subject! "1-I have made a mistake, perhaps!" stammered the young man.

"Perhaps you have. The man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. You may have better luck in the next block with the old-fashioned confidence game.

Paternal Hospitality in Maine



Jack Dirigo (home on a visit)-Look here, dad! that's a little the toughest daub I ever saw.



boy. Your mo

OUIDA ON THE HORSE

The Life of Horses in Domesticity Full of Pain and Misery.

WOMEN MORE BRUTAL THAN MEN

A Caustic Article by the Famous Novelist on the

CRUELTY OF RACING YOUNG HORSES

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The more one loves horses the more is one tempted to wish that the horse had never been tamed by man. The immeasurable extent of his services has certainly only been equaled by the equally infinite misery with which they have been requited. Most animals suffer greatly from the dominance of man, but, on a whole, the horse suffers the most of all. At its very best the life of a horse in domesticity is an unnatural life of almost perpetual restraint; and at its worst it is a bell indeed, only the more cruel by its contrast with the patience and endurance of the victim tortured in it.

A life deprived of liberty, denied usually the indulgence of most of its instincts and bound down under the caprice and exigencies of human will, it must always be at its happiest; what it is at its worst, what it has been for thousands of centuries, it is difficult entirely to realize. How far the old free impulses of a wild creature linger and stir in the blood of the broken-in horse we cannot well measure; to judge by the high spirit and leaping bounds of the colt it would seem that much of the unfettered temper has survived through generations on generations condemned to servitude.

A PENT-UP EXISTENCE.

The condition in which we keep the horse is almost as unnatural as that in which the lion of the menagerie and the polar bear of the zoological gardens pass their imprisoned existence. It is only as a filly beside its dam in the meadows, or at such rare times as, in maturer years, he is turned out to grass, that the horse can taste those sweets of free and open air life for which nature created bim. The circumstances and oblirations of his life are in their best form on pressive and very sad to a creature naturally wild and swift as the winds of his native

are in most insects, though not in all, a very limited number of simple eyes or oceli, which are generally situated upon the upper part of the head, and these bear a distinct steppes.

But I think they are made much more onerous than they might be if his owners would take more thought for this kind and long-suffering companion of his toil and of his pleasure. If men realized what their lives would the without horses they would perhaps be more indulgent and more careful of an animal to which they owe so immense a debt. Loose boxes, instead of being, as they now are, the privilege of carriage horses, should be universal; they take up a good deal of space, and so landlords will not have the careful and contact the careful and contact the careful and care not build, and tenants will not rent, stables large enough to admit of them; but they are an absolute necessity for the comfort and well-being of the horse.

IDLE. VICIOUS COACHMEN. Coachmen, who are as a rule the most lazy and vicious class, like to tie up horses because a horse who can roll and stretch at his will in the straw gives somewhat more trouble to his cleaners in grooming. Nine out of ten coachmen will pretend that a horse is a crib-biter, or is given to gnaw his his own skin, or will invent some falsehood or another, to obtain leave to tie him up his manger. Unhappily the majority horse owners are so ignorant, or so indiffer ent, that any fable goes down with them. There are even owners of racing studs who know little or nothing of the wants and ways of horses, while the average owner of carriage horses deliver them helplessly over into the hands of his coachman without

troubling himself to acquire the least knowl-edge of what the animals require in health As a rule the piquour, or the head coachman, is a person who cares very little for the comfort and enjoyment of his stud, but heeds only the external appearance and the feats of speed of his animals. The splendor of many great stables is only a brilliant cover to much torture and distress permitted there, while in the innumerable town stables of the middle classes there is little or no effort to keep the horses shut up there in happiness or health. If men and women studied and visited their horses more, things would be better for both animal and owner. If you do not know whether your horse is well fed, well groomed, well treated and well shod, you have no business to have him at all. Yet out of the millions owning riding and driving horses how many have this knowledge?

CRUEL HORSEWOMEN. Women are even worse than ignorant; they are more brutal than men to horses; it is always the lady who insists that the bearing rein shall rivet the poor animals' heads notionless for the sake of the effect which motionless for the sake of the effect which she thinks is thus given to her equipage, while a woman will bring in her hunter bleeding from the spur, sweating from her one-sided weight, and trembling from her merciless riding, in a worse state than men will often like their mounts to present. Few men saw their horses mouths, and fidget ceaselessly with the spur, as women will, and while a man has usually some more or less slight knowledge and conscience in his use and abuse of a horse's powers the female rider very frequently has neither in any

degree. A child cannot, to my thinking, be taught too early to ride, even the use of panniers on a donkey for infants should be far more general than it is, for it habituates the child to the movement of the animal, and is far more healthy than the stupid perambulators or the arms of the nurse; but when the little boy or girl is old enough to be put upon a padded saddle, whether borne by donkey or pony, it is time enough for him or for her to be taught consideration for the four-footed companion which is the cause of so much asure; the lesson that animals are friends and should be treated tenderly, cannot be too early inculcated, and it is a mistake to let a small child thrash even a wooden horse It is an ugly indulgence of the passions best checked at once.

THE BACING FALLACY. Early impressions are much more indeli-ble than is generally believed; and a small

child may, in nine cases out of ten, be taught to be kind and considerate as he may be taught his alphabet, and as he grows up that humane tenderness will grow up with him and resist even the gross and brutalizing in-fluence of schools. But it is useless for even the best of men to be humane if it be not so intelligently; if he does not know how his horses should be treated he will be inevitably at the facecy of his subordinates concerning them. He need not drive himself, unless he wishes; but he should know how he ought to be driven. He need not feed his horses himself, but he should know from their condition whether the oats he pays for duly go in their stomachs or are transmuted into silver for his stableman's pockets. Rac ing, which with a solemn hypocrisy hardly equaled about any other thing is gravely put forward as having for its sole aim and end the benefit of the equine race, has done more than anything else to injure it. The horse is not at the maturity of his powers until he is some 6 years of age; yet thanks to racing he is thought already old at this age; and all the greatest demands upon him are made when he is a 2-year-old, a mere baby. SPEED VERSUS STAYING POWER.

If extraordinary speed is attained by the their infancy, the questionable advantage is ill bought by the weakness and weediness entailed on the species; while of the barbarous cruelty there can be no question; it cannot be concealed from anyone who sees house come in at any one. horses come in at any race. If it were possible to make racing pensi all over the world both men and horses would be immeasurably the gainers. Bacing has set up a wholly fictitious standard of value in a horse; it should be staying power, not

pace, which should be the object of all breeding and training; it may be wonderful that a horse can fly so far in a minute, but it is of little actual use; what is of infinite, of incalculable general use is that the horse should be able to go at a good sound pace for a number of consecutive hours, and keep a robust frame and a hardy constitution through a fatiguing work.

through a fatiguing work.

Racing not only tortures tens of thousands of young horses uselessly; but sends out into the world numbers of poor young animals who have broken down under training, and who, with a frame decilitated for-ever, strained tendons, and aching hearts, are drafted into cab and hack work and knownothing but suffering from the trainer's New York and the 2-year-olds of New-market may be stupendous, miraculous, in-credible, but they are produced at a cruel cost, and they are of no real benefit either to horses or to men.

AN INSECT WITH 25,000 EYES. Numerous Visual Organs of the Beetle and

Other Small Creatures. Newcastle (England) Chronicle.]

Are insects short-sighted? is a problem which many naturalists have set themselves to solve, and out of the evadence brought in favor or against the proposition, interesting information can occusionally be gleaned. On one hand, it is argued that sight is the most important sense which insects possess, and in support of this assertion it is pointed out that the eyes are generally very numerods, trat they command a wide field of view, and that they are mostly present in two, or even in three different forms. But against this may be cited the fact, that there are many insects—notably the myrmecophilous beetles—which have no eyes at all, while it has also been asserted that owing to the con-vexity of the facets which make up the compound eyes, vision, even when present, can only be found of service at close quarters. The facets of the eye-masses are exceedingly numerous, and are so arranged as to command a view in almost every direction, without any necessity for turning the head. The ant, which is comparatively slow in its movements, and in which flight is restricted to the single ascent made by the males and females before pairing, there are no more than 50 distinct facets in the eye. In one of the most sluggish of our British beetles—Blaps mucronata—there are about 250, while in Meloe, which is somewhat more active, there are nearly twice as many. In certain dragon flies there are 12,000, and in the Movielle.

resemblance, as far as the general character of their structure is concerned, to the eyes of the higher animals.

With anatomists it has always been a question whether insects do or do not see with more facets than one at a time. It is, of course, out of the question that all can be simultaneously employed, but whether groups of these facets see in different directions, and each group conveys one impression, just as our two eyes do, has not been determined. The highly developed character of the eyes of insects, and their invariable presence in those species to which they could by any possibility be of service, seems against the theory of short or imperfect sight, while it certainly favors the view that sight is the most important of

Mordelia, a very active beetle, upward of 25,000. Besides these compound eyes, there

A SHARK'S BIG APPETITE.

A Dry Goods Store, a Cigar Shop and Part of a Steamer Swallowed. Chicago Times.]

"We were leaving the harbor at Sidney one trip," said the sailor, "and as we cleared the offing we met a passenger steamer just in from Frisco. As we passed the steamer a huge 16-foot shark that had evidently made the entire passage in the steamer's wake turned and followed us. The shark seemed to have some treasure aboard, as it sat low in the water, kind of water-logged, as it were, and it was with great difficulty it managed to keep up with us. Some of the homely adage goes, "What is sauce for the fish and explore its interior, so we rigged up a hook, baited it with a 20-pound morsel of pork, and soon had Mr. Shark in tow. By passing the line through a snatch-block on the main yard-arm and taking a turn with a pull around the capstan we hoisted the brute aboard, and as the fish dropped on deck its stomach spread out like a collapsed balloon. One blow from a handspike broke the creature's back and then we held a post mortem which disclosed the most varied assortment of junk I ever beheld.

"First came a folded campatool then wire bustle, a sheet-iron bread pan, 19 bottles, champagne and beer, some broken, a pillow, 10 soiled towels, a bible, one corkscrew with a wooden handle, a white vest and a tin spittoon, a sealskin cap, a bushel of eigar stubs, an embroidered slipper, some clinkers, a breakfast shawl, 11 old socks out at the toes, 4 clay pipes, a loaded revolver, bunch of keys, 2 pocket knives, a razor and a whisk broom, I flatiron and a mair of pants, 23 upper and 7 lower sets of false teeth, a cork leg, 83 tin cans, several broken teeth, a cork leg, 83 tin cans, several broken packs of cards, 8 photographs, mostly young ladies; a gold-headed cane and an opea umbrella, a coal scuttle, 3 life buoys and a bottle of hairoil, 20 toothbrushes, 13 plug hats, a hair switch, 2 face powder rags, a board on which was printad, "Steerage passengers not allowed abaft the mainmast," a box of matches, a small value, and a coffin

"Is that all you found?" asked one of the young men in a faint voice.
"Yes," replied the sailor promptly," "that's all we found inside the shark, but I noticed that when it turned away from the steamer to follow us it disgorged about 25 yards of the steamer's wake, which it had swallowed when the other things were coming too slow."

A JOKE ON HIS MAMMA.

Why a New Haven Youngster Wanted to Say His Prayers in German. New Haven Palladium. 1
A capital story is being told of a lad of 8

summers who had mastered the German language one winter while being separated from his mother. He was conferring with his father as to how to surprise and delight his mother on the acquaintance of the new tongue, and a brilliant thought struck the young man.
"I'll say my prayers in German; that'll

surprise her, papa."

The father admitted this was an original way, but decided that it was hardly proper. The boy pleaded, but the father, after almost giving in to the plan, finally vetoed it once for all on the ground of irreverence. This disgusted the 8-year-old, and he said: "You don't seem to understand, papa. It isn't a joke on God; it's on mamma

Love's Labor Lost.



Pauline-See here, young fellow, next time you make an appointment with me, you want to remember that there are two spires on this church!—Puck,

IS THE PLAY WICKED?

A Criticism of the Utterances of Three Noted Divines

FROM A WORLDLY STANDPOINT.

A Few Logical Deductions Drawn From

Their Arguments. THE EFFECT OF WOMEN ON THE STAGE

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR 1 The arguments advanced last Sunday against the theater are decidedly Christian

arguments. It is granted by one of the three noted divines that such men as "Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson are great actors, honorable men;" but, because all actors and actresses are not moral, they say the playhouse should go. I will attempt to show that if we continue to follow such a course of reasoning, we must condemn everything, be it good or

bad, which has not attained perfect Dr. Talmage soys, "That which is wrong in a parlor is wrong on the stage," and unphilosophically concludes that because in certain theaters, sometimes, indecent scenes are enacted, it is, therefore, wrong for anyone to ever go into any theater to hear any play. If his proposition be correct, it is logical to conclude that what is wrong on the stage is wrong in the parlor. The abundant newspaper testimony which the Doctor says is conclusive evidence to him that theaters are indecent, ought to be sufficient to convince him that the number of immoral acts which take place in parlors throughout the land are even greater than those which take place in theaters. According to his logic, then, we should not

have any parlors at all. Are not indecencies recorded in the works of our greatest authors? Would be have us quit reading all newspapers in order that we run no risk of picking up, accidentally, one of the kind which contains advertisements ten times more disgusting than the theater advertisements which he studies so valorously without being able to detect anything but the pictures of such as are "naked

VIEWED FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS. He boasts that all his knowledge of theatrical performances is gained by a study of these pictures and from newspaper testi-mony, declaring that he never attended but three plays in his life. He supposes that these advertisements are all honest, and newspaper evidence, in this instance, he regards as conclusive testimony.

How credulous! Most persons are aware of the fact that advertisements are generally overdrawn; that newspaper testimony is as doubtful almost as Bible testimony—to many, more so. It is strange that one who believes it is wrong to hear immoral people talk, or see them act, and who has such im-plicit confidence in newspaper testimony, ahould not hesitate before going to church lest he happen to hear an immoral preacher. Suppose Mr. Irving were to use Talmage's logic and to say: I, have been many times in churches during the past ten years, but only to attend grabbags and church lotteries. I was never more than three times in a church to hear a sermon, and that was when I was about 19 years of age. There is not any newspaper in the United States, which amounts to anything, that has not within the past few years reprehended the immoral conduct of many preachers who have been strip; ed of the rags of hypocrisy, and whose resulting nakedness has been even more shocking than that of actors of no dress at all. When therefore, the leading newspapers of the land, contrary to their financial interests, severely criticise the clergy for the antagonism of their creeds and logmas, and for the immoral conduct of certain of them, the testimony is to me con-clusive. Hence I conclude it is better to

That is Talmagian reasoning, and as the

A BUSINESS VIEW. Mr. Cuyler informs us that no "sagacious employer ever chooses a clerk the sooner be cause he is a theater-goer," adding some-

thing about theatrical atmosphere

aging piety.

Neither does piety pass for legal tender. now-a-days, among sagacious employers. When a young man applies for a situation, certainly he does not say that he is a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Democrat, an Anarchist, a Hard-shell Baptist or a Mormon elder; neither does he request that his pious look be observed, or assert that he is a member of the Solvation Army, that his father is a Methodist deacon, and that he expects some day to be a preacher. He realizes that sagacious business men do not care whether their employes spend their leisure time in churches or in theaters, so long as they are faithful to the trusts. long as they are faithful to the trusts imposed in them. Among employers, busi-ness training is considered more than spiritual training, capacity and responsibility rather than piety. Men of the world know and realize that a man may pray and pray,

and be a villain.

Mr. Crosby thinks that the only way to purify the theater is to banish women from it entirely; in other words he believes "it is not good for man to be alone," except when he goeth to the theater. He would banish virtuous with the vile, believing that no man can look upon any woman on the stage, however modest her deportment, without "a terrible damage to his paety," as Mr. Cuyler

hath it. .
In a word their great charge against the theater is the immorality of certain actors and actresses. Banish the women and preserve our virtue is Mr. Crosby's idea. Alas, poor woman, that a mere sight of thee so damageth piety. Till thou art banished far from all creation we fear that no man's piety is safe.

M. H. V.

JOHN AND HIS JOSS.

Strange Forms of Worship Practiced by Chinese Men and Women. When John Chinaman goes to pray in his own orthodox style, and not "allee samee Melikan man," he stands on a carpet in front of the high altar on which sits the life-sized, gorgeously-dressed god, "Joss."
In his hand hesholds two pieces of wood, round on one side and flat on the other.

After saying his prayers he drops these on

the carpet, and seconding as they fall he knows whether or not the prayer is answered. If both sticks fall on their first side the omen is very bad; if one falls on the flat the other on its result side his contents. flat, the other on its round side, his prayer is granted; if both fall on their round sides it is a sign of being partly granted.

Another way of praying is by means of small strips of red paper, on which the prayer is printed and then pinned to the wall near the door. If a Chinese woman wishes for a son she sends in her printed slip; if a Chinaman wishes to send a horse or a house to some departed spirit he cuts or a house to some departed spirit he cuts out an image of it on the slip. Fire is the means of communicating with heaven, so after awhile the priest burns all these paper prayers in a handsome bronze furnace, which stands outside the door, and thus

they are supposed to go direct to heaven. NOT OF MODERN ORIGIN.

Evidence That the Art of Interviewing Was Know in Cosar's Time, London Globe. 1 It is commonly believed that the science

of "interviewing" helongs wholly to these degenerate latter days. But a cotemporary points out that it certainly flourished in Rome, . For what says Julius Cosur?

"Who is it in the Press that calls on me?" No doubt Cosar referred to the enterpris-ing reporter of the Stella, or "our represen-tative" of the Cloaca Marima—the sense-